

THE  
PORE  
Shut out of  
Heaven Gates:  
OR, A  
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN  
Pope Julius the 2<sup>d</sup>.  
His Genius, and  
Saint Peter.

Wherein is most elegantly, learnedly, and wittily set forth  
how Pope Julius (after death) imperiously knocking  
at Heaven Gates, is absolutely denied Entrance by  
Saint Peter, so that though having been always  
stil'd His Holiness, and made famous by his Warlike  
Actions, whereby he hoped to become Lord of Hea-  
ven, he is notwithstanding delivered over as a Slave  
to Satan, and hurried away to the Devil's Manse.

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Exactly from the Original of the Famous and Learned

*Erasmus Rotterodamus. Supposed Author.*

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*Lector, Riforma cohibe.*

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THE  
POP E

Lower Cases

DEALOGUE

THE  
POP E

THE  
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THE  
POP E



## The Speakers;

*Julius II.*  
*Genius.*  
*St. Peter.*

Pope *Julius II.*

**W**Hat's here to do with a mischief? won't these Gates of Heaven open? Sure either the Wards are changed, or the Lock out of Order.

*Genius.* You had best look whether you have brought the right Key, for the same do's not open these Gates that opens your Money-chest; why did not you therefore bring both? for that indeed is the Key of *Power*, but not of *Knowledge*.

*Jul.* I never had any other then this, and cannot imagine what occasion there should be of any other, while this is here.

*Gen.* Nor I neither; but that in the mean time we shall be shut out.

*Jul.* I grow monstrous angry: I'll knock down these Doors: Ho, within there; some one open this Gate quickly, or — what's to do here? — do's no

A 2

body

THE  
POPE

John G. G. G.

THE  
G. G. G.

THE  
G. G. G.

THE  
G. G. G.

THE  
G. G. G.





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*Gen.* Nor I neither; but that in the mean time we shall be shut out.

*Jul.* I grow monstrous angry: I'll knock down these Doors: Ho, within there; some one open this Gate quickly, or — what's to do here? — do's no

body come yet? where's this lazy Porter? sure he's dead drunk and snoring.

(*Gen.* How he measures every one by himself)

*St. Peter.* 'Tis well these are Adamantine Gates, else whoever this is, would have broke them down, sure this must be some mighty Giant, or Potent Lord, the subverter of Cities: — But Foh! what common Sewer or Jakes is this I smell? I won't presently open the Gate, but out of the Wicket see if I can discover the wonder. What art thou? or, what wouldst have here?

*Ful.* Open you the Gate, Sir, as soon as you can: had you done your Duty, you ought to have come and met me with all the Train of Heaven.

*St. Peter.* *Bravely Imperious!* But pray let me first know who you are?

*Ful.* As though you did not see?

*St. Peter.* See! I see indeed a new and unusual sight, I will not say a Monster.

*Ful.* But if you been't stark blind, you will, I suppose, know this *Key*, if you don't know the Golden Oak, and you may see my *Triple Crown* and my *Robes* every where shining with Gold and precious Stones.

*St. Peter.* That *Silver Key* indeed I in a sort do know, though it be *alone*, and much unlike those, which of old the true Pastor of the Church, *Christ*, delivered to me: but that *Exalted Crown* how should I possibly have any knowledge of? which no barbarous Tyrant ever durst wear, nor indeed any one that ever desired entrance here: As for those Robes, they move not me at all, and that Gold and Jewels I shall ever condemn and trample on as dung. But what's the matter? I spy every-

every-where upon thy Key, thy Crown and thy Robe, marks of a most horrid *Vilain* and *Impostor*, bearing indeed my *Title*, but not at all of my *Institution*; rather of *Simon* the Sorcerers, whom by Christ's assistance I o'rethrew.

*Ful.* Leave this trifling if you're wise; for whether you know it or no? I am *Julius* that *Ligurian*, and you will own, or I am deceived, two letters *P. M.* unless you never learned any.

*St. Peter.* I suppose they signifie *Pestilent Mischief*.

(*Gen.* Ha, ha, ha, how right has he hit it)

*Ful.* No, Sir, they signifie *Pontifex Maximus*, or *Mighty Pope*.

*St. Peter.* Be as *Mighty* as you will, and reckon your self among the *Mightiest*, nay, *Mightier* then *Hermes Trismegistus*, you shall not be received here unless you were likewise good, — that is, *Holy*.

*Ful.* Why if it be any thing to the purpose to be called *Holy*, thou art too impudent thus to delay opening the Gates to me, Thou! who for so many Ages hast only been called *Saint*, when none ever stil'd me other then the *Most Holy*. There are extant six thousand Bulls.

(*Gen.* Ay Bulls indeed)

*Ful.* In which I am more then once called the *Most Holy Lord*, and alwayes intituled His *Holineß*, not bare *Saint*; so that whatever I had a mind to do, (*Gen.* Though it were in your drink) that they would say was done by His *Holineß*, *The most Holy Lord Julius*.

*St. Peter.* You may e'ne go and ask Heaven too from those flatterers, who will be very likely to give you such a kind of *Happiness* as they did *Holineß*. However

ever you must know it is nothing to be called *Holy* :  
Are you so ?

*Jul.* I am enraged : Had I but leave to live again,  
I would neither envie you, your *Holiness*, nor your *Hap-  
piness*.

*St. Peter.* Words well becoming an *Holy Mind* !  
but indeed looking seriously on you, I can discover  
many marks of *Impiety*, but not one of *Sanctity* : For  
what makes that new Attendance which looks not very  
Priestly ? Thou bringest here neer twenty thousand a-  
long with thee, and yet in the whole croud I see not  
one has so much as the countenance of a *Christian*. I  
see a filthy dunghil of men, smelling of nothing but  
*Brothels*, *Drink*, and *Gunpowder*, they look like Thieves  
hired to vilany, or rather like Hellish Goblins broke  
from the Deeps to wage War against Heaven. And  
the more I view thee, the less can I discern any foot-  
steps of an *Apostolical* Person : For to begin, how mon-  
strous is it to see thee outwardly clad in Priestly Robes,  
and inwardly groaning under horrid Arms ! Then what  
*murderous* eyes, what a *stubborn* look, what a *threatning*  
forehead, and what a *lofty* and *arrogant* countenance ;  
for I am *ashamed* to say it, and *grieve* to see it : There  
is no one part of thy body but is defiled with the marks  
of *prodigious* and *abominable* Lust ; not to add thy con-  
tinual *Belching*, thy smelling of *Surfet* and *Drunken-  
ness*, so that at this moment thou lookst as though thou  
wert *Vomiting* ; for by the habit of thy body 'tis per-  
ceivable thou art not so much broken with Age or  
Diseases as with Excess of *Gluttony* and *Drunkenness*.

(*Gen.* How he sets him out in his true colours.)

*St. Peter.* I see thee now darting a *threatning* look

at

at me, yet I cannot forbear telling thee what I think : I suspect the *pestilent* Heathen *Julian* to be personally returned from Hell to defie me, so alike you are in all things.

*Jul. Ma di si.*

*St. Peter.* What's that he mutters ?

*Gen.* He's angry. At those words not one of the Cardinals durst forbear flying, unless he would feel His *Holiness's* Club about his ears, especially at a banquet.

*St. Peter.* Thou seem'st to understand the man very well : tell me therefore who thou art ?

*Gen.* I am the great *Julius's Genius*.

*St. Pet.* His *evil* one I believe.

*Gen.* Whatever I am, *Julius's* I am.

*Jul.* Pray Sir, leave you off this trifling, and open the Doors presently, unless you will have them broke down ; for what need more words, you see what Companions I have brought along with me.

*St. Peter.* Indeed I see a crew of *disciplined* Thieves. But if you don't already know it, let me tell you, These Gates are to be assaulted and gain'd with other Arms.

*Jul.* I have said enough I tell you ; And unless you immediately hasten, I will *fulminate* upon you a *Thunder-bolt* of *Excommunicatinn* fiercer than those where-with I used to *Terrify* the *Mightiest* Kings and Kingdoms. Do you see this *Bull* already prepared to that purpose.

*St. Peter.* What cursed *fulminating*, and *thundering*, and *Bulls*, and *Bubbles* are these thou tell'st me of ? for we never heard of them from *Christ* ?

*Jul.* But you shall *feel* them unless you make haste.

*St. Peter.* Whoever you have formerly *terrified* with

with these *vapours*, they *signifie* nothing here; we must have *realities*, and 'tis with *good deeds* not *bad words* this Fortrefs is to be gained: but pray how come yon to *thunder* out your *Excommunications* against me? By what right?

*Jul.* By a very good one, since thou art now a *private* Person, or at best but a *private Priest*, and yet scarce that neither, as wanting the Power of *Consecrating*.

*St. Peter.* Because I am thought to be dead.

*Jul.* Yes sure.

*St. Pet.* But by the same reason thou excellest not me, being dead too.

*Jul.* Yes, as long as the Cardinals are in *contention* about the choice of the new *Pope*, mine is the *Right* of *Administration*.

(*Gen.* He *dreams* he's still living)

*Jul.* But open the Gates I say.

*St. Pet.* Unless you can recount your *Merits*, you do nothing here.

*Jul.* What *Merits*?

*St. Pet.* I'll tell you: Were you *studious* in Holy *Doctrine*?

*Jul.* Not at all: I was too much taken up with *Wars*, and besides there were *Fryers* enough; but what's this to the purpose?

*St. Pet.* Did you by *holiness* of Life *gain* many to *Christ*?

(*Gen.* He *sent* many to *Hell*)

*St. Pet.* Did you *excel* in *Miracles*?

*Jul.* You talk of *obsolete* things.

*St. Pet.* Did you *assiduously*, *devoutly*, and *sincerely* pray?

*Jul.*



*Ful.* What toys he rattles of ?

*St. Pet.* Did you afflict your body with watchings and fastings ?

*Gen.* 'Tis but in vain to talk to him of these things, which he thinks but sport.

*St. Pet.* These are the most excellent *Priestly endowments* I know, if he has any, more *Apostolical*, let him tell them.

*Ful.* Though it be too base a submission for me, that *Julius* hitherto unconquered should yield to *Peter*, not to say to a poor *Fisherman* and a *Beggar* ; yet that thou mayst be sensible what kind of *Prince* thou contemnest, understand in the first place that I am a *Ligurian*, not a *Jew* like you ; one thing only I grieve for, because happening to me like you, that is, once I was a Sailor.

*Gen.* There is no reason you should be so much troubled at it, only this is somewhat to the purpose ; he fish'd for food, you for poor wages row'd at the Oar.

*Ful.* Then to Pope *Sixtus*, that truly great man

( *Gen.* In *VICES* he means )

*Ful.* *Nephew* by the *Sister* : By his singular favour and my own industry, I first raised my self to *Ecclesiastical* Riches; from thence by degrees I was carried up to the height of the *Cardinals Cap*, afterwards exercised by many storms of Fortune; and by many cruel accidents rofs'd up and down, and besides other distempers subject to the *Falling-sickness* ; and lastly quite covered over with that Scab or Pox they call the *French*. To these was added *bannishment*, *hatred*, *condemnation*, and the being *despised* by all, and not *lamented* by any. Yet I never lost the hope of the *Popedom* : such was the fortitude of my mind. When thou affrighted by a Wo-



mans voice, didst presently desist: for as a Woman took away thy courage, so a certain Witch or Sorceress gave strength to mine, who when overwhelmed with so many disasters privately whispered in my ear, persevere *Julius*, let nothing seem irksome to *do* or *suffer*, one day thou shalt wear the *Triple Crown*, be *King of Kings* and *Lord of Lords*: nor did my *hopes*, or her *Witchcraft* fail me. But thither beyond all hope I raised my self, partly by the help of the *French*, who stood for me when I was rejected, and partly by the inestimable power of Money, not without much compacted Usury, nor that managed without wit.

*St. Pet.* What kind of Wit was that?

*Ful.* That is, not without *Sacerdotal* Promises beyond the bargain, and the art of finding out security for it, so that I raised a greater Treasure then *Craesus* himself, had he been present, would have been able to have counted. But 'tis a vanity to tell you these things which every Serving-man knows. You have heard how I got into it, and I so carried my self in the Papacy, that there was not any one, I will not say only of the former *Popes*, which were but *titular* in comparison of me, but of the latter too, to whom the *Church*, or *Christ* himself owed more then to me.

(*Gen.* How the *Beast* boasts himself)

*St. Pet.* I expect how thou'lt make that out.

*Ful.* Finding out many *new offices*, for so they call them, I much augmented the *Papal* Revenue. Then I invented a way how *Bishopricks* might be sold without falling under the lash of *Simony*. To wit, it was ordained by my Predecessors, that to whom a *Bishoprick* fell, he should *lay down* his Office. That I thus interpreted, You are commanded to *lay down*. Now that cannot be

*laid*

*laid down which you have not, therefore lay down a fine.* By this art several *Bishopricks* yielded in a little time *six or seven hundred thousand Duckets*, besides what was ordinarily extorted by *Bulls*. Then from the *new Money* (with which I filled all *Italy*) I extracted no small profit, nor let I any occasion slip that would raise Money, perfectly knowing, that without that, nothing could be well done either *sacred or prophane*. Then that I might arrive at greater things, *Bononia*, for many years in Possession of the *Bentivolii*, I restored to the See of *Rome*; The *Venetians*, never before conquered, I beat by Sea; and the Duke of *Ferrara*, after having long vexed him with tedious War, shut up in *Nassa*, That schismatical Cabal, with a fictitious Council, I eluded, driving out, as we say, one nail with another: Lastly, with the *French*, then Formidable to all the World, I disturbed all *Italy*; and had disturbed the *Spaniards* too, for thither I intended, had Fate granted me longer life. And here take notice with how invincible a mind I acted. I perceived the *French* to cast a severe eye over me. I let my beard grow, things being almost brought into despair, when on a sudden comes a Golden Messenger, bringing news that many thousand *French* were slaughtered at *Ravenna*; there *Julius* reviv'd. Upon these accidents I was for three dayes accounted as dead even to my self, and yet here again, beyond all hope of my own, I revived. And of such power was either my *Authority* or my *cunning*, that at this day there is no *Christian* King whom I have not stirred up to Arms, breaking and trampling in pieces all Leagues wherewith they had Allied themselves together. Next that League (which at *Cambray* the Kings of *France* and *Romans* and other Princes entered into with me) I utterly abolished, so that not the

least mention was made of it. But above all this, after having maintained so great an Army, Adorned such magnificent Triumphs, Exhibited such expensive Plays, Built so many Places, yet dying, I left *fifty hundred thousand* Duckets; and had done greater things if that *Few* Physician, who by his Art so long prorogued my life, could have spun it out yet further. And Oh! that now some Magician could restore me to life, that I might see an end put to those glorious Actions I have begun; yet dying I took diligent care that the Wars, by me set afoot in the World, should not be composed; and made it my business, even at my last gasp, to have Money set a part only for that use. Now to a *Pope* meriting so much from *Christ* and the *Church*, do you delay to open the Gates of *Christ*? But that which is most wonderful, is, That all these things were perpetrated by the sole virtue of my own mind, and I had none of those little helps which others use to have. Not from *birth*, since I never knew my Father, which I may say to my own glory. Not from *beauty*, for all men abhorred my Goblin-face. Not from *learning*, which I never attained to. Not from *strength of body*, being subject to those infirmities I before told you of. Not from *youth*, for I did these things in my age. Not from the *sailes of popular Applause*, for there were none but hated me. Not from my *clemency* or granting favours to others, for I was so inexorable, that I even raged against those to whom others conceded all things.

*St. Pet.* How can this be?

(*Gen.* Though it seem hard, you'll find it somewhat *easy*)

*Jul.* But Fortune, Age, Sicknes; in short, Gods and

and Men opposing, only buoy'd up by my own Courage and Money, in so few years, I acted such great things, and left so much matter to my Successors, that they have Work cut out for ten years: Thus much I have truly, but modestly said of my self, which if any of those which were wont to be about me at *Rome*, should set off in their flourishing colours, you would hear of a God and not a Man.

*St. Pet.* Invincible Warrior! since all the Exploits you tell me are new or unusual, let me plead an Excuse from my wonder, or my ignorance; and let it not be a trouble to you to answer to some particulars I would inquire into. What are those neat pretty trim'd things with you?

*Ful.* These I brought up for my *Soul's* sake.

*St. Pet.* And what are those black and scarried ones?

*Ful.* They are *Souldiers* and *Captains* who bravely died in *Warfare* for me, and the *Church*; some at the siege of *Bononia*, more in the *War* against the *Venetians*, and most at *Ravenna*, to all which *Heaven* is due by *Covenant*: for long ago I by large *Bulls* promised they should go directly to *Heaven* whoever lost their lives *fighting* for the *cause* and *service* of *Julius*.

*St. Pet.* I guess then these to be them who were often troublesome to me before your coming hither, (only they did not endeavour to force their entrance) but shewed some leaden *Bulls*.

*Ful.* Then you did not admit them for ought I hear?

*St. Pet.* Admit them? no sure, nor any of those kind of People; for so *Christ* taught me that these *Gates* were not to be opened to those who brought great  
Leaden

Leaden Seals, but those who had cloth'd the Naked, fed the Hungry, given drink to the Thirsty, resisted the Captive, and lodg'd the Stranger: for if he would have those excluded who Prophefied in his Name, and in his Name cast out Devils, and did many wondrous works: Canst thou think he would have those admitted who only bring a Bull hither in the name of Pope *Julius*?

*Jul.* Had I but known it?

*St. Pet.* I understand you; if any of them had come from Hell and told it you, you would have declared War against me.

*Jul.* Yes, and have Excommunicated you too.

*St. Pet.* But to proceed: Why are you arm'd your self?

*Jul.* As though you knew not that two Swords belonged to the Pope, or would you go to War naked?

*St. Pet.* Indeed when I sat in that place I knew of no Sword, unless it were the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

*Jul.* *Matheus* did not preach the same Doctrine whose ears possibly you cut off without a Sword.

*St. Pet.* I remember, and confess it; but then I fought for my Master *Christ*, not for my self: for the Life of my Lord, not for money, or secular power; nor fought I then as high Priest, the Keyes being only promised, not given: nor had I received the Holy Ghost, and yet I was commanded to put up my Sword; that he might publicly admonish this kind of fighting was not fit for Priests, no not for Christians. But again, Why dost thou so gloriously boast thy self a *Lycurian*? as if it were any thing pertinent to *Christ's Vicar* what People he was derived from.

*Jul.* Yes, I esteem it an act of great Piety to en-  
noble

noble my Nation, and therefore have *inscribed* this title on my *Money, Statues, Walls, and Arches.*

St. Pet. Then you know your Country, though you did not know your Father. At first I thought thou wouldst have talked of the Country of the Heavenly *Jerusalem* and of the *Faithful*, and of its only *Prince* whom they desire to *Sanctifie*, that is, to *praise his Name.* But why dost thou add *Nephew* by the *Sister* to *Sixtus*, a man I wonder should never come hither, especially having been *Pope*, and Allied to so great a Captain as thou art. Therefore pray tell me what manner of man he was? Was he a Priest?

Jul. Ay, and a brave Souldier besides, of a strict Religious Order, to wit, a *Franciscan.*

St. Pet. Indeed I knew among the *Laicks* a very good man called *Francis*, a pious *contemner* of *riches, pleasures, and ambition:* has that *poor* man now such *Lordly* followers?

Jul. You, as far as I can *perceive*, would have nothing *improve* or grow better. He was *poor* and *blessed*, and now his followers are so *rich*, that even we *envy* them.

St. Pet. 'Tis well. But to return where we were; Why *Nephew* to *Sixtus*?

Jul. I'll assure you that's done very advisedly to stop the mouths of those *affirm* me to be his *Son*, and talk it a little too *freely.*

St. Pet. *Freely*, and is it not *as truly*?

Jul. But that *suits* not with the *honour* of the *Papacy*, to which alwayes *respect* should be had.

St. Pet. It would have the best *respect* and *care* of its own *honour* and *dignity*, if it *admitted* nothing might fall under *just reproach*; but let me *conjure* you by the *Papal*



*pal Majesty* to tell me truly, whether this be the *solemn* and *common* way of coming to the *Popedom* which you have now set forth ?

*Jul.* For some *Ages* past there hath been no other, unless he that is to succeed me do possibly *create* a new one : For I was no sooner got into the *Chair*, but I streight published a *formidable Bull*, forbidding all attempts of arriving at that *Seat* by those means : which *Bull* a little before my death I renewed. Of what force it *proves*, others will see.

*St. Pet.* I believe none could better *describe* that *mischief* then your self : but I wonder there should be any would accept the *gift* of it, since it is *obnoxious* to such cares, and with such difficulty to be *strugled* for. I should rather think *Pontifical* power should scarce *compel* any to *undertake* the office of *Presbyter* or *Deacon*.

*Jul.* I wonder not at you, for in your times the *Revenue* and *Reward* of *Bishops* was nothing but *labours*, *watchings*, *fastings*, *preaching*, and oftentimes *death*. Now 'tis *Empire* and *Tyranny*, and who for a *Kingdom*, when there was hopes of it, would not *venture* to die ?

*St. Pet.* Well said : But for *Bononia*, was it *departed* from the *Faith* that it was to be *restored* to the *Roman Church* ?

*Jul.* No, no ; there was no such thing in it.

*St. Pet.* Perhaps the *Bentivolii* by their ill *administration* ruined the *Commonwealth*.

*Jul.* Rather that City *flourished* and *increased* under them with large and stately *Buildings*, which made it the more greedily *thirsted* after.

*St. Pet.* I understand you ; they had then *wrongfully* invaded it.

*Jul.* Not so neither, they possessed it by *Covenant*.

*St. Pet.*



*St. Pet.* The *Citizens* then endured not him for their Prince.

*Jul.* Rather they doted on him, and universally hated me.

*St. Pet.* What could then be the cause ?

*Jul.* Because he so governed, that out of the vast sums he gathered from the *Citizens*, scarce a few thousands returned to our *Treasury*. Besides, it was convenient for advance of other matters I had then plotted: therefore the *French* labouring in the business, and others affrighted with my *thunder-bolts*; *Bentivolio* driven out, I placed *Cardinals* and *Bishops* over the City, that the whole benefit might accrue to the *Roman Church*. Besides, whereas whilst in their *Possession* there was to be seen nothing but the *Imperial* Titles and Arms: Now our *Statues* were every where to be seen, our *Titles* read, and our *Trophies* adored. Everywhere now stands a *Brass* or *Marble* *Julius*. Lastly, had you beheld with what *Royal* Triumph I entred into *Bononia*, you would perhaps have contemned all the triumphs of the *Scipio's* and *Octavius*, and have thought it was not without cause I fought so sturdily for *Bononia*; nay, then would you have seen at the same time the *Church Militant* and *Triumphant*.

*St. Pet.* 'Twas then in your dayes, I perceive, that happened, which *Christ* has commanded us to pray, *Thy Kingdom come*. But the *Venetians* what had they done ?

*Jul.* They began to follow the *Gre k's* example, making only a laughing-stock of me, and casting on me all reproaches imaginable.

*St. Pet.* Were they true or false ?

*Jul.* What's that to the purpose ? 'Tis *Sacrilege*

to *whisper* any thing of the *Pope* of *Rome* unless in his *praise*. Then they disposed *Benefices* as they pleased, no *Controversies* were transferred to me, no *Dispensations* traffick'd for; what need I say more? They afflicted the See of *Rome* with intolerable *damage*, by *usurping* no small part of thy *Patrimony*.

St. Pet. My *Patrimony*? Prithee what do'st talk of my *Patrimony*? who forsaking all, naked, followed naked *Christ*.

Ful. I mean certain Towns belonging to the See of *Rome*, for so it pleased the Holy Fathers to call a *peculiar* part of their Possessions.

St. Pet. You consulted my infamy with your own gain: but is it this you call *intolerable damage*?

Ful. What else?

St. Pet. But were their *Manners* corrupt? or was *Piety* grown cold?

Ful. Pish: thou talk'st of *trifles*: I'll tell you they cheated us of an *infinite* thousands of *Duckets*: which would have maintained some *legions* of *Souldiers*.

St. Pet. A *dreadful* damage indeed to an *Usurer*: But what was *Ferrara's* fault?

Ful. His? He was the most *ungrateful* of all mankind: *Pope Alexander* the *Vicar* of *Christ* had so much respect for him, that he gave him his younger *Daughter* in marriage, adding by way of *Dower* a rich and plentiful *Jurisdiction* to a false-hearted man, who forgetful of so much *humanity* and *kindness* was continually *barking* against me for *Simony* and *Buggery*: some *Subsidies* and *Tolls* likewise he laid claim to; but that was not much, but yet too much to be neglected by a *careful* Pastor.

(Gen. Ay, that was such a trader)

Ful.

*Ful.* But to make short the story, It was very necessary to the business I had in hand, to joyn this *Dominion* to ours, by reason of the conveniency of its situation, therefore I endeavoured by raising this disturbance to confer this Government on my Kinsman, a stout Man, and ready to dare any thing for the Churches sake, as who lately with his own hand had for my sake slain Cardinal *Papeius*. For as for my *Daughters* Husband, he was content with his fortune.

*St. Pet.* What's this I hear? Have *Popes Wives* and *Children*?

*Ful.* *Wives* of their own indeed they have not, but what a mighty wonder is it if they have *Children*, since they are *Men* and not *Eunuchs*.

*St. Pet.* But that *Schismatical Cabal*, what were they doing?

*Ful.* It would be too long to repeat that story from the beginning. I'll mak't as short as I can. The *Court of Rome* began to be scandalous to many, they reported it every where defiled with *Markets* and *Fairs* of filthy lucre, prodigious and abominable lusts, witchcrafts, sacrileges, murders and simony, me they declared a *Simoniac*, drunkard, swine, covetous wretch, and every way unworthy of that place, which I held to the damage of the whole *Christian Religion*; therefore a general *Council* was to be called to redress these grievances; they alleged that I had sworn upon my taking on me this honour, that within two years I would call a *Council*, upon which condition only I was created Pope.

*St. Pet.* And was not that true?

*Ful.* Yes very true: but as soon as I saw fitting, I absolved my self of that *Oath*; or if I had not, who would have stuck at a little perjury when a *Crown* was at stake?

stake? In other things indeed *Piety* may be regarded, as another *Julius*, my second self, elegantly said. But see the *impudence* of these men, and whither it arrived; Nine *Cardinals* revolt from me, *summon* a Council, *invite* and *intreat* me to *Præside* it; which when they could not *obtain* they *declare* *Maximilian* as Emperour, (Histories testifying that Councils of old used to be summoned by the *Roman* Emperours) and *Lewis* the 12th of *France* Heads of it. I tremble in the repeating it: Thus they rend in pieces the *seamless* Coat of Christ which even his *Crucifiers* left whole.

St. Pet. But wert thou such a one as they represented thee?

Jul. What's that to the purpose? *Paint* me more wicked then the *Cyclops*, more *foolish* then *Morychus*, more *unlearned* and *blockish* then a *Stock*, and more *deformed* and *filthy* then a *Toad*: Whoever holds once this *Key of Power*, ought to be *reverenced* as *Christ's Vicar*, and reputed as *Most Holy*?

St. Pet. What! though he be *openly* wicked?

Jul. Ay, never so *openly*, for it is not to be endured that he who acts here in *God's* stead, and should be esteemed as a *God* among *Men* should be *subject* to the *reproofs* of every idle fellow, or *exposed* to every ones *reproaches*?

St. Pet. But it is *opposite* to common *sense*, to think well of that which we *apparently* behold to be *evil*; or to speak well of that which we think to be *wicked*.

Jul. Let every one *think* what they please, but let them take care to speak well, or else hold their tongues; for the *Pope of Rome* is not to be *reproved*, no not by a *General Council*.

St. Pet. One thing I know, that whoever pretends  
to

to supply Christ's place upon Earth, ought to be as *like him* as he can, and so lead his life that it be *unblameable*, and that none can *justly* speak ill of him; but surely those Popes are but in an evil case, who must be beholding to *threatnings*, rather than *good actions*, for mens good words, and whose grèatest glory is, that they can *compel* men who *think* evil of them to *silence*: But answer me one thing; Is a *wicked* and *pestilent* Pope no way to be removed?

*Jul.* *Ridiculous!* By whom should he be removed, who is the *highest*?

*St. Pet.* For that reason he ought the *rather* to be removed, because the *highest*, for the *higher* he is, if he be *evil*, the more *pernicious* he is; but you, *Julius*, make a much more happy *High Priest* than Christ ever constituted, who whilst he thinks himself *highest*, quite forgets that he is a Priest. And though really the *worst* of *mankind*, thinks he may lawfully; and unpunish't, be the *worst*; because by title the *greatest*. A Priest so much the *highest* by his title, that he claims and challenges the *highest* and *supreamest* right (not without the *highest* injury) over *Kings* who are truly *supream*, and *Emperours* who are the *highest* under God; and as if they were *solicited* and *intreated* to Reign by virtue of a *forged* and *pretended Vicarsbip* to *Christ*, *usurping* a right first to *prohibit* sacred and then *temporal* things, a right of *dispensing* their Subjects from that *Faith* and *Obedience* due to them by God's own Command: In fine, a right of waging War against them for any *light* occasion (perhaps a wicked one) and pursuing it after a *Pontifical* manner, not to a *Spiritual* amendment of life, but to the taking away *Temporal power*. And in the mean time you grant this Pope by virtue of his *highest* place,

or

or (as you would rather perhaps have it expressed) his *Seat unmoveable by any mortal power* (no not by the greatest Kings or Emperours) a Power of violating all *Rights* not only *Humane* but *Divine*, and making a *mixture*, as one may say, of *Heavenly* and *Earthly* wickedness. Happy, *Julius*, was it for the *World* that *Death* at length had this right over thee, (and I believe thou *blamest* it too for acting too *tyrannically*) which thou so stiffly deniest to all other mortals: But was it thus *ordained* by *Christ*, or is the *Church's* advantage so to be provided for, that its life and safety must be *reposed* in the death of such an *High Priest*?

*Jul.* But if the *Pope of Rome* be to be *Reformed*, it must be done by a *Council*, now no *Council* can be called without the *Pope's* consent, otherwise 'tis a *Gabal* and no *Council*. Or when it is called, it can *decree* nothing which the *Pope opposes*; for in him is the chief *Presidency* and absolute Power, so that the *Pope* alone is much *Superiour* to any General Council, and from his *Office* he cannot be removed for any *crime* whatsoever.

*St. Pet.* Not for *Murder*?

*Jul.* Not for *Parricide*.

*St. Pet.* Not for *Fornication*?

*Jul.* That's a toy. I tell you not for *Incest*?

*St. Pet.* Not for *Simonaical* Impiety?

*Jul.* Not for *six* hundred.

*St. Pet.* Not for *Witchcraft*?

*Jul.* No, nor for *Sacrilege*.

*St. Pet.* Not for *Blasphemy*?

*Jul.* No I say.

*St. Pet.* Not for all these together, drawn up into one *mass* of mischiefs?

*Jul.* Add if you will to these the Names of *six*  
hundred



hundred *crimes* yet more filthy then those, yet could not a *Pope* for all those be removed from the *Papacy*.

*St. Pet.* Indeed, *Julius*, you seem to have a very honourable opinion of General Councils (as above Kings and Emperours) but you only seem to have so: for you do not unwillingly approve that Councils of old were as Colledges of Physicians, to whose care the Cure of the Church, when indisposed, was to be committed: But at this day they are rarely called to that end, or you indeed can scarce be brought to endure they should be, but the *Head* (for so you love to call it) though it be not in very good *health*; nay, though that *Head* be so infected that it may deservedly be accounted the common *disease* and *plague* of the Church; yet that *polluted Head*, though *deserving* to be *cut off*, or *removed*, is not at all in your judgment to be submitted to the *censure* of an *Oecumenical Council* which are (as it were) *Representatives* of the Church?

*Ful.* Yet there is one thing for which some are of *opinion* he may be *removed*.

*St. Pet.* For what good act must that be? For a crime it cannot be, since it cannot be for those I have before named?

*Ful.* For the crime of *Heresie*, so he be publicly convicted of it: but that's *frivolous* too, nor do's not a tittle derogate from the *Papal Majesty*; for in the first place he may *abrogate* that Law if it *displease* him; then again, who dares *impeach* the *Pope of Rome*, encompassed with so many *Guards*? besides if he be prest hard to call a Council, the *Recantation* is easie, if he cannot deny summoning them. And lastly there are a thousand *starting-holes* for him to slip out of, if he be a *Man* and not a *Block*.

*St.*



St. Pet. But tell me by thy *Pontifical Power*, who Established these Excellent Laws?

Ful. Who should but the *Fountain* of all Laws, the Pope of *Rome*, and it belongs to him to *repeal, interpret, explain, streighten* or *enlarge* any Law as shall be most for his advantage.

St. Pet. Happy were the Pope could he make a Law to *deceive Christ* and *Heaven* as well as he can a *Council*. But indeed against such a Pope as thou hast now described, such an *open wicked Wretch*, such a *Drunkard, Murderer, Simoniac, Sorcerer, Perjuror, Ravenous* and *prodigious Villain*, everywhere *stained* over and *defiled* with all kinds of *Lust*, not so much a *General Council* were to be wished, as a *furious* People arm'd with *stones*, that so publick a *plague* of the World might as *publickly* be taken out of it. But tell me what's the reason, why the Popes of *Rome* so much *abhor General Councils*?

Ful. Because such a company of *Excellent Men* do not a little *obscure* the *Papal* dignity, where the *Learned* bring *boldness* and *confidence* along with them; the *Good* spur'd by their *Consciences*, speak things *more freely* than is *expedient* for us: Those who have any *worth* or *power* will use their *Authority*, and some will be mixed among these *Envious* of our *Glory*, and come thither with *prepared* thoughts to *lessen* the *Papal* Power and *Authority*: In short, not one sits here but thinks he may *assume* an *Authority* from the *Council* to say somewhat against the *Pope*, whence it comes to pass that never *Council* ended so happily, but that the *Pope* ran some hazard of his *Majesty*, or felt his *Greatness* decline. Of which you your self may be a *witness*, unless you have *forgot* it; for though then the *Dispute* was only concerning

cerning *light* matters, not *Empire* and *Royalty* as now ; yet *James* was bold to add no small matter to what you had set down ; For when you absolutely freed the *Gentiles* from the yoke of the *Mosaical* Law. *James* succeeding, excepted *Fornication* and *Blood*, and things offered to *Idols*, as if he would correct your *Decree* ; so that there are at this day, who think ( moved to it by this passage ) that the chief *Pontifical* Power was in *James*, and not in you.

*St. Pet.* Then thou thinkest that nothing is to be taken care of, but the Preservation of the *Papal* Majesty, as if the Publick safety of the Church were not more necessary to be looked after.

*Ful.* Let every one mind their own advantage, we look after that which most concerns us.

*St. Pet.* But if Christ had done the same, That Church had not now been which thou boasts thy self *Monarch* over, nor can I see how it agrees with him that calls himself the *Vicar of Christ*, to act things contrary to *Christ*. But pray proceed, by what art did you dash in pieces that *schismatical Council*, as you call it ?

*Ful.* I'll tell it you truly ; conceive it if you can. In the first place the Emperour *Maximilian* ( for so he is called ) being one of the easiest men alive, though by solemn Nuntio's he summon'd the Council, yet I found sly and unspeakable ways to remove him from his purpose. Besides, by the like arts, I perswaded some *Cardinals* that some Instruments they had already decreed and published, calling again the *Notaries* and *Witnesses*, they should as publickly deny.

*St. Pet.* But was this *lawful* ?

*Ful.* What is not *lawful* when the *Pope* approves it ? who, when he pleases, may make *swearing* no *swearing*,

as being capable of *absolving* all Oaths. But indeed to speak ingeniously, this was somewhat an *impudent* trick, but nothing more to my purpose then presented it self. Thereupon when I saw how things were like to be, that I should contract the envie of the *Council*, especially so *summoned*, to the end I might not be excluded, but humbly *besought* and desired to *preside* in it; see what a *Web* I *wove* following my *Predecessors* Example. I took my turn to hasten the *meeting* of the Council, finding fault that neither the *time* nor *place* by them appointed, was *sitting* or *convenient*. I therefore immediately *summoned* a Council to *Rome*, whether I thought none would *venture* to come, who were not friends to *Julius*, and would second at least, if not wholly obey him; to which purpose I drew them by many Examples, and created for that end many new *Cardinals* in all things fitted to my designs.

(*Gen.* That is most villanous ones)

*Jul.* Again, this *Council* if I had not *summoned* it had not been a *Council*, and yet it was utterly *unexpedient* to my Affairs, that such a *croud* of *Bishops* and *Abbots* should flock to *Rome*, among whom it was impossible, but that some must be *Pious* and *honest*: Therefore I advised, that for the saving of charges, they should only send one or more from each Province; and when at length this seemed none of the safest courses, a few out of so many Provinces amounting to a great number, even when they were now ready for the Journey, I *forbid* their coming, *proroguing* the Council to a further day, and giving *sufficient* and *probable* reasons for it. And by these arts, universally excluding those I doubted, again giving notice of the day I had first prescribed, *Instituted* a Council at *Rome*, consisting only of those

those before by me prepared. Among which, though some *Dissenters* might appear, yet I was confident none durst make *open resistance* against *Julius*, so powerful in Guards and Forces. Now by this means I stirr'd up mighty envie in that *French Council*, sending away several Letters, in which I made mention of our most holy Council, execrating and cursing that Council of theirs, and thereupon naming it a *Conventicle of Satans*, a *Caball of the Devil*, and a *Schismatical Conspiracy*.

St. Pet. Certainly those *Cardinals* must in your judgment be very wretches, who were authors and chiefs of that Council.

Ful. I never enquire after manners; but the prime manager of this business was the Bishop of *Rheims*, who guided by I know not what holiness, alwayes took care of reforming the Church, which he did in several places; but him death snatcht away, doing me a very grateful office. To him succeeded the Cardinal of *Sancta Cruz* a Spaniard, of an unblameable life, but a morose old Man, and a Divine: which sort of men used often to be troublesome to the *Popes of Rome*.

St. Pet. But a *Divine* could have no probable pretence to cover his design.

Ful. Yes many, he alledged the times were never more *unquiet*, that the Church never groan'd under more intolerable distempers, which were to be remedied by a General Council. That when I was admitted to the *Papacy*, I had taken the *Sacrament*, that in my second year I would summon a General Council, and so settle it, that I could not dissolve it without consent of the *Cardinals*. In short, though often admonished by my Brother *Cardinals*, requested and called upon by *Princes*, I listned to any thing rather then this, so that it plainly

appeared, that while *Julius* was living no Council would be. They urged the *Examples* of former Councils, *cited* several *Papal* Laws, by which it *appeared* that when I or mine *waved*, calling a Council, the *right* devolv'd to them, and that other *Princes* conniving, the gift of Summoning appertained to the *Roman* Emperor, who formerly alone *cited* all Councils, and to the *French* King as the next Sovereign.

*St. Pet.* Did they not then write scurrilous things against you ?

*Jul.* No, the Rascals understood things better than I would have had them ; This *hateful* matter they managed with a wonderful *modesty*, for they not only forbore *revilings*, but never named me but with an *Honorary* Preamble, *beseeking* and *conjuring* me by all things *Sacred* and *Pious*, that as a thing only worthy of me, and as a thing I had *sworn*, I would *summon* and *preside* in a General Council, and *apply* my self with them to *heal* the *distempers* of the Church : Nor can I tell you with what *envy* I looked upon this *temperance* of theirs, especially since they founded all things upon the *Holy* Scriptures, it being apparent several Learned Men were set apart for that end, whilst in the mean time they added, *fastings*, *prayers*, and an admirable *frugality* of life, that they might the better *urge* me with an opinion of their *holiness*.

*St. Pet.* On the other hand, under what pretence didst thou *summon* a Council ?

*Jul.* Under a much more *splendid* one ; I pretended that it was my desire first, to *Reform* the Head of the Church, that is *my self* ; then *Kings* and *Princes* ; and lastly, the whole *body* of the *People*.

*St. Pet.* 'Tis a fine *Comedy* this, but I expect the  
issue ;

*issue* ; pray let me hear what those Divines decreed in that *Satanical Cabal* ?

*Ful.* Such *unworthy* and *abominable* things as my Soul *detests* the very memory of.

*St. Pet.* Were they so *horrible* wicked ?

*Ful.* Altogether *impious*, *sacrilegious*, and worse then *heretical*, which unless I had trampled on with *hands* and *feet*, and opposed both with *art* and *arms*, gone had been the *glory* and *dignity* of the *Roman Church*.

*St. Pet.* This makes me more desirous to know what those things were.

*Ful.* Oh ! I abhor the relation of them. These *wretches* attempted to *reduce* the Church now *flourishing* with so much *riches* and *dominion* to its old *rags* and *miserable frugality* ; That *Cardinals* who now with noise and splendor exceeded some *Tyrants* in their manner of living, should be confined to a life of *Poverty* ; That *Bishops* would live after a more moderate rate, with smaller trains, equipage, and horses : They decreed, That *Cardinals* should not in all places *swallow* up whole *Bishopricks*, *Abbies*, and *Benefices*, and that none should have more then one *Bishoprick*, and that those who right or wrong (as they said ) heaped up to themselves ( if they could ) six hundred *Benefices*, they thought fit should be *compelled* to be *content* with such *allowance* as was fit for a *frugal Priest* : That none should be created *Pope*, or *Bishop*, or *Priest* by *bribery*, or *simony*, or through *favour* or *base compliance*, but only for the *merits* and *example* of his *life*, and that if it were found otherwise, he should thence be *removed* : That it should be lawful to *degrade* the *Pope* for open wickedness ; And that *Bishops*, either *Whoremasters* or *Drunkards*, should be deprived ; And *Priests* openly *scandalous*, not only  
removed.



removed from the Priesthood, but punished with mutilation of members; With many other things of that kind, for it troubles me to think of all which did wholly tend to this, to load and burthen us with a demure Sanctity, and rob and spoil us of riches and Empire.

St. Pet. Therefore what did you decree against these things in your most holy Roman Council?

Ful. you seem to have forgot what I told you: That I had no other design in that Council but to drive out a nail with a nail. The first Meeting was spent in certain solemn Ceremonies, which for Authority sake we think fit yet to observe, though not at all pertinent to the matter, where two Sanctions were used, one of the holy Cross, and the other of the holy Spirit; as if by his guidance all things were there to be done, and then was recited an Oration full of my praises. In the next Sessions, with all the force I had, I flung out my thunderbolts against those schismatical Cardinals, pronouncing whatsoever they had, or whatsoever they were about to decree, more then impious, more then sacrilegious, and worse then heretical.

St. Pet. So that if by chance repenting they had declared you a good and excellent Pope, that had been most impious and heretical?

Ful. Altogether, as founded on no reason nor Authority:

(Gen. Nothing truer)

Ful. For what did it concern them to decree what kind of Person the Pope of Rome should be? But to proceed, at the third Sessions, with the like fulminations I terrified France, removing the Marts from Lyons, and some other places by name excepted, thereby the more to alienate the Subjects minds from the King, and stir  
up



up *sedition* among them; And that done that it might bear more *Authority*, I sent *authentick Bulls* thereof to all *Princes*, especially to those whom I perceived most inclined to our Faction.

St. Pet. And was this all was done?

Ful. All was done I desired; *I overcame*: since only my *Decrees* prevailed. Those three *Cardinals* that persisted in their *attempts*, with publick *Ceremonies*. I deprived of their *Cardinal dignity*, and *conferr'd* their *Church-livings* upon others, so that they could hardly be restored, *delivering* them over to *Satan*, whom I would have rather *delivered* to the *flames* here, could I have got them into my clutches.

St. Pet. And yet if thou tellest truth, the *Decrees* of that *schismatical Cabal* seem to have much more *Sanctity* in them then those of thy most *holy Council*, from whence, as I can perceive, nothing *issued* but *tyrannical threats*, *curses*, and *cruelty* mix'd with *craft*. If *Satan* were the Author of that *Cabal*, His Spirit seems nearer to approach *Christ's*, then that strange one *moderated* in your Council?

Ful. I tell you again and again, Have a care what you say, for in all my *Bulls* I have *curst* all those who shall but *speak* any thing in *favour* of that *Cabal*.

St. Pet. Wretch! how thou yet *breath'st* forth the old *Julius*! But what was the issue of this business?

Ful. I left it in the state you hear; how it will come off, Fortune must decide.

St. Pet. Then the *Schism* yet continues?

Ful. It continues and very dangerously.

St. Pet. And thou, though *Christ's Vicar*, hadst rather have a *Schism*, then a *true Council*?

Ful. I had rather have three hundred *Schisms* then I be

be compelled in my Authority, or forced to give an account of my whole life.

St. Pet. Thou art so conscious of thy self.

Jul. What's that to thee?

St. Pet. I understand you; It was not expedient to remove that *Conclave*, but did you get the victory?

Jul. That's in Fortunes hand. Though we have the more Money, for the *French* are Exhausted by continual Wars. The *English* have yet Mountains of Gold untouch'd: This I can undoubtedly Prophecy, Should the *French* overcome, which I abhor thinking of, the very names of things would be changed, and that most Holy Council be called *Satan's Cabal*, I no Pope, but the shadow of one, and they be said onely to have acted by the *Holy Spirit*, and we done all things by the Spirit of the Devil: But I have great confidence that the Moneys I have left will prevent such disasters.

St. Pet. But what had you to say against the *French* and their King, him whom your Predecessors graced with the Title of most *Christian*, especially since under their protection you both confess to have lived, and been raised to that more then Imperial Crown, and lastly to have by their Aid gained *Bononia*, and other Cities, and overcome the *Venetians*, till then unconquered. How could so many fresh kindnesses be blotted out of your memory? How so many Leagues dash'd in pieces?

Jul. That's too long a story to explain, but that I may do something briefly, Nothing was innovated by me, but what I had long before conceived in my mind: Then I began to execute what formerly, to suit with the necessity of things I dissembled, I now laid open. I ever in my heart hated the *French*. That you may account

count as spoken by an Oracle, nor can ever any *Italian* affect those *Barbarians*, no more then the *Wolf* do's the *Lamb*: But I not only an *Italian*, but a *Genovesse*, so long used them like *Friends* as I had need of them: Therefore whilst these *Barbarians* were useful to me, I bore much, disssembled much, and feigned many things: In short, there was nothing I did not either do or suffer, but when things were brought to the State I wished for, it was time to act the true *Julius*, and remove that whole sum of *Barbarians* out of *Italy*.

St. Peter. What kind of *Beasts* are those thou callest *Barbarians*?

Ful. They are Men.

St. Pet. Men? but not *Christians*.

Ful. Yes *Christians* too; but what's that to the purpose?

St. Pet. They are *Christians* then it seems; but unlearned and leading a *Rustick* life.

Ful. They are a most flourishing People, and especially which made us first envy them in riches.

St. Pet. Why do you then surname them *Barbarians*? What's that you mutter?

Gen. Let me now take a turn to speak, *Italy* though it were daub'd and besmear'd over with the filth of all barbarous Nations, so that it seem'd a very *Jakes*, yet from the Learning of the *Gentiles* had drunk in this madness that all born out of *Italy* they call *Barbarians*, which nick-name they account more reproachful than either *Parricide* or committer of *Sacrilege*.

St. Pet. So it seems, but since *Christ* died for all men, and that with him there is no respect of Persons: Whilst thou professes't to be the *Vicar* of *Christ*, why do'st thou not receive all with the same mind among whom *Christ* has made no difference.

E

Ful.

*Jul.* The truth is, I desire to embrace both the *Indians, Africans, and Ethiopians*, so they would submit and pay *Tribute*; but all these we cast off, and next the *Greeks*, as men too close fist'd, & but slight acknowledgers of the *Majesty* of the *Pope*.

*St. Pet.* Then the See of *Rome* is as it were the store-house of all the *World*.

*Jul.* And is it any mighty matter, if from all we reap carnal things, when to all we sowe spiritual things?

*St. Pet.* What do'st thou talk of *Spiritual* things? I have heard nothing yet but what is *Worldly*? Perhaps thou do'st deliver the Holy Doctrine from *Christ*?

*Jul.* There are those may *Preach* if they will, nor do we prohibit them, provided they speak nothing against our *Majesty*.

*St. Pet.* What then?

*Jul.* What then? why should whatever *Kings* exact be given, but that receiving it they should singularly impart, though from us they never receive any thing; for whatever is at any time *Holy*, is to be imputed to us, though we *snore* all days of our life. Though besides that, we do give large *Indulgences* for a little *Money*. We dispence with heinous matters for no mighty sum, and bless all we meet everywhere and that for nothing.

*St. Pet.* The truth is, I understand none of these things; but to return to what we were disputing of: Why do's your most sacred *Majesty* so much abhor the *Barbarians*, that *Heaven* and *Earth* must be brought together, rather then they not driven out of *Italy*?

*Jul.* All kind of barbarous People are superstitious, especially the *French*; for the *Spaniard* do's not so ill agree with us, whether you respect their language or their manners. And yet these I would have removed too, that I might at more liberty have acted my own pleasure. *St.*

St. Pet. Why? do they, besides *Christ*, worship other Gods?

Jul. No, but they too *diligently* and *anxiously* worship *Christ* himself, and with some *ancient* and long-since *obsolete* words 'tis a miracle how foolish men are moved.

St. Pet. Perhaps they'r Magick?

Jul. You trifle. They'r *Simony*, *Blasphemy*, *Sodomy*, *Witchcraft* and *Sorcery*.

St. Pet. Hold: good words pray.

Jul. As thou now *abbor'st* them, so do they.

St. Pet. I meddle not with *Names*, the things themselves are with you, I will not say they'r with any *Christians*.

Jul. Surely the *Barbarians* themselves want not their *vices*, but are infected with *divers*, only they *curse* and *execrate* ours, and *flatter* themselves in their *own*: on the contrary, we *cherish* our selves in ours, and *abbor* theirs. We esteem *Poverty* an abominable *reproach*, which *right* or *wrong* is to be *avoided*; They scarce think a *Christian* ought to enjoy any *Riches*, unless such as are *gained* without *fraud*. We scarce dare name *Drunkenness* (though I must confess in that I should not so *vehemently* dissent from them if they would *agree* in other things); but the *Germans* think it a *venial sin*, and rather *merry* than *wicked*. They violently *ban* and *detest* *Usury*; we think no sort of men more *useful* and *necessary* to the *Church*. *Preposterous Vener*y, or *Sodomy*, they look upon as so *filthy*, that whoever do's but so much as name it, they think *pollutes* the very *Sun* and *Air*; we think *quite* otherwise: So for *Simony*, a word quite *banished* out of *nature*, they yet fear the *shadow* of, and *stubbornly* hold fast to *old* and *decayed* Laws: We look a clean contrary way: And of this kind there are many others wherein the *Barbarians* agree not with us, whereupon, whilst we lead such a *different* course of life, they are to be forbid *prying* into our *mysteries*, and to be *suspected* though they are *ignorant* of them; for if once they understood the *secrets* of our *Court*, they would presently *divulge* them; and by what means, I know not, they are most *clear sighted* in *reproving* *Vices*: They write most *scandalous* Letters to their *Country-men*, and make a *clamor* everywhere, that with us is not the *seat* of *Christ*, but the *sink* of *Satan*. They *dispute* of me, whether *gaining* in such a manner the *Chair*, and *living* as I did, I ought to be esteemed as *Pope*. And thus in the first place they at once *lessen* among *ignorant* people the *opinion* of

our Holiness and our Authority, who before had never heard any thing of us but that we acted in *Christ's* stead upon Earth, and held the next place, and therefore were Peers to God in Power; and from these things intollerable dammage accrues to the Church. We sell fewer Dispensations and at a lower rate: There comes in less Revenue from Bishopricks, Benefices and Abbeys: The common people, if any thing be exacted from them, pay it with an ill will: In short, every where the gain is less, and the Market thinner: And last of all, our Thunder-bolts do less and less frighten; so that if once their boldness should fly so high as to declare a wicked Pope could do nothing, and so condemn our Threatnings and Excommunications, we should be in a condition of starving. But if they were once got further off (such is the wit of the Barbarians) they would more assiduously adore us, and we by Letters aptly writ, would drive these thoughts from their minds. St. Pet. This is not fair dealing, if herein depends the Apostolical Authority that your lives should be cloaked, and your frauds concealed. We used to wish nothing more then that what we did in our Chambers might be known to all the World, and therefore for the most we ordered our actions as if all eyes had been upon us: But to proceed, Has the World now such Religious Princes, and is their reverence to Priests so great, that at the nod of one, and he such a one too, they will universally take Arms? for in my time we suffered under those deadly and despitiful Enemies. Jul. As for matter of life they are not such superstitious Christians, they plainly condemn us, and look upon us as trifles, unless some of the weaker of them stand in awe of that terrible thunder-bolt of Excommunication, nor are they with it moved indeed and in truth of opinion; There are those which hope for, or fear our Riches, and for that yield not a little to our Authority. Some are perswaded that great misfortunes will persecute those who in any affair give any vexation to the Priesthood, almost all as they are civilly Educated do somewhat favour Ceremonies, especially encouraged by us, for Ceremonies and Fables keep the Vulgar in awe. So that one thing with another the game goes seriously on. We grace them with magnificent titles though they be the wickedst of men, Calling this Catholick, a second most Serene, a third most Illustrious, a fourth Augustus, all of them beloved Sons; and they in return still call us Most Holy Fathers in their Letters, and oft-times have submitted themselves to

kiss



*kiss our Feet*, and when the matter treated of is not too mighty, yield it often to our *Authority*, whereby they gain themselves an *opinion* of Piety among the *Vulgar*; We send them consecrated *Roses, Tiara's, Swords*, and confirm their *Dignity* with most powerful *Bulls*; they again send us *Horses, Souldiers, Money*, and sometimes *Boyes*; and thus as the saying is, *the Mules scrub one another*. St. Pet. If they be such, I do not understand upon what account you could stir up such *Potent Kings* to such *dismal Wars*, & especially to the *breaking* of so many *Leagues*. Jul. But if you are capable of *conceiving* those things I am about to tell you, you will understand more then *Apostolick Wit*. St. Pet. I will endeavour it as much as I can. Jul. My study then in the first place was to understand the *Genius, Manners, Inclination, Riches* and *Designs* of all People, who agreed with *who*, and *who* and *who* were at *enmity*; then turning all this to *advantage*, in the first place I easily set the *French* against the *Venetians*, because there happened to be an old grudge between them.

Moreover, we knew that people greedy of *Proroguing Empire*, and the *Venetians* likewise had some *Cities* of theirs in *Possession*. Therefore I mingled my *business* with their *business*; Then as to the *Emperour*, though otherwise he were not any great Friend to the *French*, yet having no other hope of *regaining* from the *Venetians* what they held from him ( for they held several large *Cities* ) he joyned himself for the time in this War. At length when I did not like that the *French* should grow too powerful ( for matters *succeeded* beyond what I *desired* ) I stir'd up the King of *Spain* against them, a man in the first place of no *Adamantine Faith*, and in the next obliged to *oppress* the growing power of the *French*, among many other reasons, for fear of being *Excluded* the Realm of *Naples*. Then though I approved not of their doings, I feignedly received the *Venetians* into favour, that now *imbittered* by *Sufferings*, I might let their rage loose upon the *French*: And again, the *Emperour* whom but a little before I had joyned with the *French*, I drew away from their Party, and that partly by *Monies* which are always prevalent with a *needy* man, partly by *Letters* and *Nuntio's*, whetting his ancient hate to the *French*, with which he had ever *burnt*, although there wanted an opportunity of *Revenge*. Then the *English* I knew to have a natural hatred against the *French*, and besides understood that Nation

to be forward and desirous of War, principally out of hopes of the spoil: Lastly, at that time through the new liberty which happened to them by the death of one of their severest Kings, they were grown insolent and almost rebellious; and so easily flurr'd up to any madness. There was to these conveniencies for my Affairs another added, That that King was a Youth, or rather a Boy, and lately came to the Kingdom, of a brisk and lively wit, but truly youthful, that is, unquiet and Warlike, who even from his very Infancy is said to have wished that he might wage War with the French. Above all he was Kinsman to the King of Spain, whom I had already drawn to Arms. All these things I turned to the Churches benefit, and by six hundred Letters, none of them writ without cunning, at length involved all those Princes in a bloody War, nor did I leave the rest unattempted, that is, neither the Kings of Hungary, Portugal, nor the Kingly Duke of Burgundy; but because none of these things were any of their concerns, I could not compel them; and I knew if I raised any of them to a storm, none of the rest would quiet them. These therefore since they would act after their own way, received so honest a Title from us that the more destruction they brought to Christian People, the more Religiously they seem'd to protect the Church of God. And that you may more admire either my wit or my happiness: The King of Spain at that time warr'd against the Turks with incredible success, and to his great advantage, and yet leaving off all that, he turned his whole strength against the French: Moreover, the Emperour who was not only tyed by many Leagues; but by many great good Offices to the French, were it but this, that by their labour and charge he had recovered and received his Cities in Italy, and had only this to do to defend his own, and being already departed from Padua, and gone towards Burgundy, to the end to drive out the Geldrians a Potent Enemy (against whom he had been the Author of raising the War,) out of his Nephew the Duke of Burgundy's Countrey; yet I so brought it about, that neglecting his own Affairs he should follow mine. Then there is no People among whom the Pope's Authority is of less value than the English (which will easily appear to any, shall turn over the life of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the ancient Constitutions of their Kings) yet that Nation most impatient of any Exactions now suffered themselves to be fleeced: but it is a wonder that the

Priests

*Priests* who used to send us all they could gather, I brought to this, that they paid the tribute to the King, without considering what a door they had opened for Kings hereafter. Nor were the King's sufficiently aware what president they made against themselves, to wit, that the *Roman Prelate* might afterwards disturb the Kingdom if he disliked the Prince. And that King being young, went fiercer on then I desired or commanded, and yet I was better pleased he should sin on that side: but it would be too long to declare particularly by what arts I stirr'd up all these Princes to so dreadful a War against *Christians*, which never any hope could Excite them to against *Turks*. *St. Pet.* But it may happen that this firebrand of War thrown about by thee, may set the whole World in a flame. *Jul.* Let it flame so the See of Rome preserve its dignity and possessions, for I have endeavour'd to remove all the weight of the War out of Italy and throw it upon the *Barbarians*; let them fight as long as they please, we will look on, and perhaps enjoy the fruits of their madness. *St. Pet.* Is this what becomes the Pastor, and Holy Father, and Vicar of Christ. *Jul.* Why do they raise Schisms? *St. Pet.* But distempers are sometimes to be born with when there is more evil in the cure then disease; and then had you admitted a Council, there had been no occasion of Schism. *Jul.* Soft and fair. I had rather six thousand Wars then one Council; what if they should remove me from the Papacy? what if they should rip up my whole life, and lay it open to the vulgar? *St. Pet.* Yet wert thou a true Bishop, thou wouldst rather be content to relinquish this Honour, then defend thy dignity with so much mischief to the Christian World; but thus it will be, when the Bishoprick is committed to one unworthy that Dignity, and not indeed committed but bought or stole, whereupon it comes in my mind, that thou by divine approbation didst become a plague to the French, who first made thee a plague to the Church. *Jul.* By my triple Crown and my most renowned Triumphs, I swear that if thou movest my anger thou shalt feel too the power of *Julius*. *St. Pet.* Oh madman! But to go on, hitherto I have heard nothing but of a great Captain, not of an Ecclesiastick; of a Worldly man, and not of a Worldly man only, but of a Heathen, even the most wicked of Heathens. Thy greatest boasts are, that thou canst break Leagues and Truces, inflame men to War, and excite them to Slaughters; this is the power of Satan, not of a Bishop. He that makes himself the

the *Vicar of Christ*, ought as near as he can to follow his *Example*; there is in him *height of power* but joyn'd with *height of goodness*; there is in him the *biggest wisdom*, but most *pure and simple*. In thee I see the *image of power* link'd with a *depth of malice and height of folly*; so that if the Prince of the wicked, *the Devil*, would *surrogate his Vicar*, whom could he better *pitch upon* than one like thee? Tell me what didst thou ever do like an *Apostolical man*? *Jul.* What can be more *Apostolical* then to *augment the Church of Christ*. *St. Pet.* But if the Church are the *Christian-People compacted together by the Spirit of Christ*, thou seem'st to me to be the *subverter of this Church*, whilst thou thus *provokesst* the World to horrid War, that only thou mayst go *unpunished in thy wickedness*. *Jul.* We call the Church the *Holy Houses*, the *Priests*, and especially the *Court of Rome*: my self in the first place who am *head of the Church*. *St. Pet.* But *Christ made us Ministers* and himself *the Head*, unless a second *Head* be since grown; but with what, pray, is the *Church increased*? *Jul.* Now you come to the matter, that *Church formerly hunger-starv'd and poor*, now *flourishes with all Ornaments*. *St. Pet.* With what? with *servency of Faith*? *Jul.* Thou'rt idle. *St. Pet.* With *contempt of the World*? *Jul.* Pray let me tell you it's *true ornaments*, for these are but words. *St. Pet.* With what then? *Jul.* With *Regal Palaces*, with *beautiful Horses and mules*, with a noble *Train and Attendants*, with abundant *Riches & with honorable Guards*. (*Gen.* With beautiful *Whores*, with ready and obedient *Pandors*) *Jul.* With *Gold, Purple, Revenues*, so that no King but would seem *poor and humble* were his compared with the *riches and splendor of the Roman Prelates*, none so *Ambitious* but would confess himself *out-done*, none so *magnificent and stately* but would condemn his *frugality*, none so *stored with Money*, nor no *Usurer*, but would envy our *Riches*; these are the *Ornaments* which I have both *preserved and increased*. *St. Pet.* But tell me who first of all *loaded and defiled the Church* which *Christ* would have *light and pure* with such *Ornaments* as these? *Jul.* What's that to the purpose? that we are certainly *Head*, we *hold, possess, and enjoy*, though they say a certain *Constantine* conveyed over to *Sylvester Pope of Rome* all and universal his *Imperial Majesty, Trappings, Horses, Chariots, Helmets, Belts, Coats of Mail, Sergeants, Swords, golden Crowns, pure Gold, Armies, Warlike Engines, Cities and Kingdoms*.

doms. *St. Pet.* Remain there any Monuments of this *Manificence*?

*Jul.* Nothing but a \* *Straw* mixt with the *Decrees*. *St. Pet.* Per-  
 haps 'tis a fable. *Jul.* I think so my self, for who in his *right wits*  
 would *surrender* to *magnificent* an *Empire* though it were to his  
*Father*; but however it ought *mightily* to be believed, and on all  
 that endeavour to *refuse* it, we *impose* a deep strict *silence*. *St. Pet.* But  
 I hear nothing yet but of the *World*. *Jul.* Perhaps thou dreamest  
 still of that same *Church* in which thou with a few *hunger-starved*  
*Bishops* didst enjoy a cold *Popedom*, obnoxious to *poverty*, *labours*,  
*sweatings*, *dangers*, and a thousand other *inconveniencies*; Time now  
 has changed all things for the better, and the *Pope* of *Rome* is much  
 another thing; For thou wert only *chief Bishop* in Name and Title:  
 But if now thou shouldst behold so many *Holy Houses* built with  
 the *Riches* of *Kings*, so many thousands of *Priests* everywhere, and  
 most with *large Benefices*; So many *Bishops* equal with *Princes* in  
*Power* and *Riches*; so many sumptuous *Palaces* of the *Clergy*; Espe-  
 cially saw you but at *Rome* so many *scarlet Cardinals* with whole  
*Legions* of hired *Servants*; so many *Kingly Horses*, so many *Mules*  
 adorned with *Tissue*, *Gold*, and *Gems*, and some of them shod with  
*Gold* and *Silver*; Then if you saw the *Pope* aloft in his *Golden*  
*Seat* carried upon *Souldiers* shoulders, and at the wag of his hand  
 all *People* *adoring* him. If you heard the noise of the *Guns*, the  
 found of the *Trumpets*, the melody of the *Flutes*, and the flashes  
 of the *Fire-works*, the *Peoples* *Acclamations* and *Applauses*, and  
 the whole *City* shining with *Torches*, whilst *Sovereign* *Princes* are  
 scarce admitted to kiss his feet. If you saw that *Roman Prelate*  
 with his *Foot* putting the *Crown* upon the *Head* of the *Roman*  
*Emperour*, who is *King* of all *Kings* (if ancient *Records* are of any  
 value, or can intitle to any right) though now he *gains* nothing  
 but the *shadow* of that *mighty Name*. These things if thou shouldst  
 see and bear, what wouldst thou then say? *St. Pet.* That I saw  
 worse then any *Heathenish Tyrant*, the *Enemy* of *Christ*, and *Plague*  
 of the *Church*. *Jul.* Thou wouldst say another thing if thou hadst  
 seen but one of my *Triumphs*, either that, when I was carried in-  
 to *Bononia*; or when I entred *Rome*, having o'recome the *Veneri-*  
*ans*; or when flying from *Bononia*, I re-entred *Rome*; or when  
 lastly the *French* were so beyond all hope Routed at *Ravenna*; If  
 thou hadst but seen the stately *Courfers*, the numerous *Bands* of  
*Souldiers*, the delightful spectacles of *delicate Boyes*, the *Torches*  
 shining on all sides, the mighty *feastival Preparations*, the *Pomp*

of *Bishops*, the *Pride* of *Cardinals*, the *Trophys* and *Spoils* of *War*, the rebounding *Acclamations* of *People* and *Souldiers*, the *Applauses* echoing everywhere, the winding of the *Cornets*, the thundring of the *Drums*, the lightning of the *Guns*, the *Money* thrown among the *People*; saw you, I say, but all this, and at last *Me*, the *Head* and *Author* of all this *Pomp*, carried aloft like a *Deity*, you would say the *Triumphs* of the *Scipio's*, *Emilius's*, and *Augustus's* were frugal in comparison of mine. *St. Pet.* Hold, hold, enough of *Triumphs* most glorious *Souldier*; yet them, though *Heathens*, do I prefer before thee, whom having for thy *Cause* slain so many thousand *Christians*, yet *Triumphest* like a *Holy Father* in *Christ*: Of so many *slaughtered* Legions thou art the *Cause*, who never either by *Life* or *Doctrine* gainedst one *Soul* to *Christ*; O fatherly bowels! O worthy *Vicar* to that *Christ*, who died himself to save all, whilst thou to defend one *pestilent* Head, callest all the *World* to *destruction*. *Jul.* You talk these things because you *envy* my glory when you think how *pitiful* and *mean* your *Bishoprick* was in comparison of mine. *St. Pet.* Darest thou, *impudent*, compare thy *Glory* with mine? Though my *Glory* be not mine but *Christ's*. In the first place, if thou allow'st *Christ* to be the *best* and the *true* Prince of the *Church*, to me he gave the *Keyes* of the *Kingdom*, to me committed the *feeding* of his *Sheep*, and my *Faith* with his own mouth He *approved*; Thou by *Money*, *industry* of man, and *fraud*, wast made *Chief Pastor*, if such a one may be called a *Pastor*. I gained so many thousand *Souls* to *Christ*; Thou *betrayedst* as many to *perdition*: When *Rome* was yet *Gentile* I first taught it *Christ*, thou art become a *Master* of *Christian Heathenism*: I even with the *shadow* of my body *healed* the *Sick*, *cast out Devils*, *raised* the *Dead*, and where-ever I came was *beneficial* to some; What have all thy *Triumphs* equal to that? with a word of my mouth I could deliver whom I would to *Satan*, and what my *Power* reach'd to was experienced in *Sappira* and her *Husband*, yet whatever *Power* I had, I employ'd for the *benefit* of mankind: Thou *useless* to all, whatever thou couldst do, nay, and whatever thou couldst not do, thou *pervertest* to the publick *damage* of the whole *World*. *Jul.* I wonder in the *Catalogue* of your *Glories*, you do not add these too, *Poverty*, *Watchings*, *Labours*, *Judgment-Seats*, *Prisons*, *Bonds*, *Scorns*, *Reproaches*, *Stripes*, and finally the *Cross*? *St. Pet.* Thou advisest evil now: for in these I may more justly *glory* than my *Miracles*. In these *Christ* bid us be *glad* and *rejoyce*, in these he cal-



led us *Blessed*. So *Paul*, once my *Colleague*, when he boasted his *great works*, mentions not *Cities* gained by *violence*, *Legions* slain with the *Sword*, *Princes* of the World *provoked to War*, nor *Tyrannical Pride*, but *shipwreck*, *bonds*, *scourgings*, *dangers*, *lyings in wait* for his life. This is the true *Apostolical Triumph*, this is the *glory* of a *Christian Captain*. He *boasts* of those he had *drawn from sin*, not how many *millions* of *Duckets* he had *boarded up*. Lastly, we to *Eternity* triumph with *Christ*, being *praised* even by the worst of men; thou art *curst* by all, unless those like thee, or some flatterer-*Jul*. These are things I never heard before. *St. Pet.* I believe it, for what *leasure* hadst thou to turn over *Evangelical writings* to read *Paul's* or my *Epistles*, whilst so many *Negotiations* so many *Treaties*, so many *Leagues*, so many *Armies*, so many *Triumphs* took up thy whole employment. Other *Arts* do indeed desire a mind *released from sordid cares*; but the *Discipline* of *Christ* requires a *breast* wholly *purged from all worldly sollicitudes*, nor did so great a *Master* descend from *Heaven to Earth* to *teach men an easie or vulgar Philosophy*, 'tis no *idle* nor *secure Profession* to be a *Christian*: To *avoid all pleasure like poison*, To *trample on riches as dirt*, To *esteem life it self as nothing*, this is the *Christian man's Profession*; these, because they seem *intollerable* to those who are not *acquainted with the Spirit of Christ* *dwindle into idle words*, and *meer ceremonies*, and to a *fictitious Head of Christ* and a *fictitious Body*. *Jul*. What *remains* of good are there then for me, if you take away my *Money*, if you deprive me of my *Kingdoms*, rob me of my *Revenues*, restrain me of my *Pleasures*, and at last take away my *Life*? *St. Pet.* By this thou pronouncest *Christ* himself *unhappy*, who being chief of all, was made the *scorn* of all, in *Poverty*, *Labour*, *Fasting*, and *Hunger* he led all his *Life*, and at last *died* the most *opprobrious* of all *deaths*. *Jul*. He may possibly find some to *praise* him, but none to *imitate* him at least in these times. *St. Pet.* Yet that *praising* is some *imitation*, though *Christ* deprives not his followers of good things; but for *false good* he *replenishes* them with true and *Eternal* good, but he *replenishes* them not till they have *abdicated and renounced all worldly goods*; as himself was all *heavenly*, so he would have his *Body*, that is the *Church*, to be most like him, to wit, *purged from all contagion of the World*: for else how can it be the *same* with him who sits in the *Heavens*, whilst it is yet *drench'd in Earthly dregs*? But when it shall have *shaken off all the delights* of this *World*; and which is more the *afflictions* to them, then *Christ* opens his *treasure*, and for *forsaken pleasures*, which seem'd dipt in *Honey*, but are indeed seasoned with *Aloes*, he gives them a *taste of heavenly joy*, and for their *forsaken treasures* fit more durable riches. *Jul*. What I pray? *St. Pet.* Lest thou shouldst think them *vulgar* riches, they are the *Gift of Prophecy*, the *Gift of Knowledge*, the

*Gift of Miracles*, unless you esteem *Christ* as vile whom whoever possesses, possesses all things. Finally, lest thou should'st think we here lead a life of *Poverty*, know that the more any one is afflicted in this World, the more abundantly he is delighted in *Christ*; the poorer he is in this World, the richer he is in *Christ*; the lower he is in this World, the higher and more honoured, and the less he lives to this World, the more he lives in *Christ*; But *Christ* would have all his to be pure in their whole body, and principally his *Ministers*, that is, free and uncontaminated by the enjoyments of the World. Now I behold the contrary; he who is next to *Christ*, or at least would have himself so accounted, is almost drowned with sordid things, Money, Dominion, Riches, Wars, Leagues, and I may well say *Vices* too; and yet whilst thou art thus an alien to *Christ*, yet thou coverest thy *Pride* with his Title, and under a pretence of his Name, who despised an Earthly Kingdom, dost Lord it like a worldly Tyrant; thou blest others, whilst thou art thy self accursed, and do'st open the Gates of Heaven to others, while thou thy self art quite shut out; Thou Consecratest, and art Execrated; Excommunicatest, and hast nothing to do with Holy things: What difference is there between thee and the great Turk, unless thou pretendest to the Name of *Christ*? Certainly your minds are the same, the sordidness of your life the same; but thou the greater plague to the World. *Jeh.* But I desired that the Church should be adorned with all good things; and Aristotle, as they say, Constituted three Orders of Goods, of which some are of Fortune, some of the Body, and some of the Mind; therefore because I would not invert the Order of these Goods; I began at those of Fortune, and perhaps by degrees had reach'd to those of the Mind, had I not been snatch'd away by an untimely death. *St. Pet.* Untimely dost thou call it at seventy years of Age. *Jeh.* But if those conveniencies are wanting, the Vulgar value us not a straw, whom now they both hate and fear; And so the whole Christian Republick would fall to nothing, not being able to defend it self against the force of its Enemies. *St. Pet.* Rather if the Christian-People beheld in thee the true Gifts of *Christ*, to wit, Sanctity of Life, Holiness of Doctrine, instant Charity, Prophecy, and Virtue, this would raise thee higher with them, and the Christian Commonwealth would flourish indeed, when the Gentiles should see and admire thy purity of life, contempt of riches, pleasures, Empire and death; now it is not only contracted into a narrow compass, but, if diligent search were made, most are in name only, Christians. Let me beseech you, did you never consider with your self, when you were chief Pastor of the Church, how the Church had its first beginnings, how it increased, and how it was established? Was it by Wars, or Riches, or Horfes; rather by Patience, by Martyrs blood and Ours, by Prisons and by Stripes. Thou say'st the Church is increased

*increased* when its Ministers are *loaden* with humane Power ; Thou callest it adorned, when it is *defiled* with the *delights* and *pleasures* of the World : Thou say'st it is *defended*, when for the *avarice* of Priests the World is *in-  
moyl'd* with cruel Wars ; Thou call'st it *flourishing*, when it is *drunk* with earthly pleasures, and at *quiet*, when no body crying out against it, it enjoys its *Riches* and its *Vices* ; And with these *false* and *covered* Titles thou imposest upon Princes, who taught by thee their *Master*, call their *butcheries* and *furious* conflicts, a *defence* of *Christ*. *Jul.* But I never heard these things before. *St. Pet.* What then did thy *Preachers* teach thee ? *Jul.* From them I heard nothing but an *excess* of *Applause*, with *imbellished* words they *shundred* out my *praises*, telling me I was a *Jove*, who with my *Thunder* *shak'd* all things, a certain *true* and *visible* Divinity, and the publick *safety* of the World, with many other things of that kind. *St. Pet.* 'Tis no wonder there was no one to gather thee up when thou wert a salt that had lost its *savour*. For this is the true excellency of an Apostolical Man to teach *Christ* to others, and that purely. *Jul.* Then you wont open. *St. Pet.* To any one rather than to such a *Plague* as thou ; for with thee we are all *Excommunicated* : But shall I give you counsel is not ill ? you have here a band of strong men, you have a vast *Treasure*, and are your self a good *Engineer* ; go and build your self some new *Paradise*, but be sure it be well fortified lest the *Devils* should storm it. *Jul.* Yes Sir, I will do something worthy of my self, I will set to work for this six months, and having increased my *fires* come and drive you hence, unless you come to a *submision* ; for I doubt not in a little time, out of the slaughter of War, to have at least sixty thousand men come to me. Therefore now, *Peter*, if you be wise, open at this last *Summons*. *St. Pet.* Indeed We are much obliged to your *Clemency* ( an *Obligation* the World ne're knew ) that thus you will *Lighten* before you *Thunder*, and give warning before you *strike* ; but I would perswade you, if you will hear me, that that *Army* you threaten us with, you would at what price soever prefer to *Hildebrand* to be *Captain* of, that famous *Magician* Predecessor of yours, for no force but *Magick* can open these doors to you. *Pater asra Janua di-  
nis*, *Hell* lies before you. *Jul.* That *Hildebrand* thou speakest of ( what-  
ever in the rest he were black or white ; yet ) I'me sure was an Excellent *Pope*, and deserved highly of the Church of *Rome*. *St. Pet.* Yet I never saw him in *Heaven* ; Is he with thee at the *Gate* ? *Jul.* I perceive there's no talking with thee, for either thou art not *Peter*, or knowest not that I am *Julius* the Second ; I, whom thou thus treatest like a thing of nothing, *Farewel*. But, in a short time, expect my *Return* with all my *Forces*. *St. Pet.* Such our Saviour in the Gospel foretold should be  
the

the farewell of the impure Spirit ; But hold *Julius* the Second, before your tumbling headlong into the bottomless Pit whither you are going : Answer me seriously some things ( for hitherto you seem only a drolling Player ) did you ever so much as in a dream hope to get into Heaven ? *Jul.* I never had the least manner of doubt of it, for why should I think Heaven should be shut against me who am thy Successor that art the Heavenly Porter ? Is not the Pope of Rome heir apparent to *Peter* ? *St. Pet.* Not at all : but thou succeedest not *Peter* ; but *Simon*, not the Apostle ; but the Sorcerer. What have I more to do with thee than with *Julius Cesar*, who was likewise once chief Pontiffe ? *Jul.* All acknowledge me thy Successor, and in what can I succeed thee but thy seat ? but what seat is there now left me to derive from thee if thou keepest shut that Gate, unless thou wilt have Hell, which thou threatnest me with, be the Apostolical Seat. *St. Pet.* 'Tis enough, 'tis not unworthy to be the *Julian* and Pseudo-Apostolical : In the mean-time thou seemest subtilly to Philosophize with me as if not ignorant of Logick. *Jul.* Thou knowst I am no such Conjuror ? *St. Pet.* Indeed of your Learning, We have already heard more than enough from your own mouth ; yet you did not want Letters, when in a certain BULL for *Fiat*, you subscribed *Fiatur* ? *Jul.* As if a Pope of Rome were to respect Criticisms of Grammar. However this was not subscribed *Ex Cathedra*, which I am heartily griev'd at, for then none of any Order, State, or Dignity whatsoever, though Kingly, durst in any way correct or contradict it, without being conscious to himself of incurring the indignation of Omnipotent God. *St. Pet.* You advisedly omitted the indignation likewise of the Apostles *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, which use to be brandish'd in those forms of writing, for those more then brutish Thunder-bolts, which for your Lust and beastly impulse of Spirit you used to cast abroad, were never taught you by us. But pray ( that we may return to the matter ) what place didst thou fancy Heaven to be ? Or, how do'st imagine to pass thy time there, if thou couldest, which is impossible, reach the Heavenly Quire ? *Jul.* Do'st ask concerning the place ? I thought Heaven ( as every place above is ) pervious to the Pope of Rome, and I would not have thee be solicitous about my passing my time there ; I never certainly lost more time then now talking with you : but pray what are the cause of your doubts ? *St. Pet.* Very material ones, for here at least thou wilt languish in another Element, not finding one of those things to do in which thou wert conversant on Earth. *Jul.* How so I pray ? *St. Pet.* Do'st thou yet ask ? Here with the *Spirits of the Just made perfect* ( not Saints of thy Kalendar ) a pure conversation is to be enter'd into, here a holy commerce.

mercy is held with the blessed Angels, above all that ineffable Society with God and his Christ is to be sought after; Here those that are purged from all Earthly pleasures come to the enjoyment of true joyes: but those joyes here prepared ( and they are the most exquisite imaginable ) are fitted and accommodated to those which are endued with true Sanctity, not at all for those any way tainted with wickedness, though they may have borne the empty Titles of Holiness. Nay, should they be granted to others, that is, to wicked wretches like to thee, their Souls not being capable of entertaining spiritual gladness, even those Heavenly joyes would be turned into worse then hellish torments, when we perceive a similitude of love and delight, and experience the very bottom of their contraries hate and anguish. In this place are no Common wealths to be overthrowen, no Kings and Princes to be trampled under feet, no Hosts of Enemies to be destroyed, no splendid Triumphs to be deck'd with spoils, no faithful *Confessors* of Christ ( the dear Children of God ) under pretence of Heresie to be persecuted with stripes, torments, and death; no Throne is here erected for the Pope of *Rome* to sit on; nor no Purple *Cardinals* on all sides to encompass him; no *Canonists*, who made and worshipped thee as their Lord God in Heaven, though thou wert a Devil incarnate, and required others to give thee no less then Divine Worship; no Papal Exchequers, whither the ill-got Riches of the Church miserably flow; no Stage-Playes, no Theaters, no Pompous Spectacles, no Gluttony, nor Drunkenness, no Harlotry, Sodomy, nor Rioting, no actor nor no procurer of Lust; Finally, none of these obscene pleasures in which thou, like a Swine, which art nothing but mire & dirt, didst wallow, and in which thou knowst most of those who would call themselves Bishops of the *Catholick Church* are besmeared. *Gen.* If it be so, in my mind its best be gone quickly, for thou knowst thou do'st not delight in those other things which thou hast not been accustomed to. *St. Pet.* Peace *Genius*, 'tis not yet your turn to speak. ( *Gen.* by and by it will ) *St. Pet.* But did not the Holy Scriptures foretel thee all this? *Jul.* What Holy Scriptures do you talk of? *St. Pet.* The Canonical. *Jul.* I suppose you mean the Decrees and Decretals. *St. Pet.* Away Trifler, that written one dictated by the Holy Spirit. *Jul.* O! that they call the *Bible*, ( for I never knew the face of it ) certainly out of hate to me you will by and by turn Heretick, for so the *Leuitists* love to talk, and so now a-days do all who are no good Catholicks; I could never endure those *Bible-readers*, as prejudicial both to the advantage ( which I wonder *Peter* should be ignorant of ) and Dignity of the Episcopal See; but how long will you suffer me here to catch cold in my toes, which even Kings have kissed.

St.



[ 43 ]

*St. Pet.* Do you grow cold? be gone then, not to your *Follious King-*  
*doms* and painted *Flies* of *Purgatory*, whence by I know not what fumes  
of feigned Power thou cheatedst other into a belief of freeing them, and  
art now thy self deceived with vain hopes; but to the true and Eternal  
Fire prepared for thee by the Devil and his Angels, *there thou wilt be warm*  
*enough.* *Gen.* 'Tis decreed thou seest, why do we lose any more time,  
for my great Emperour the Prince of Darkness beckens me with his staff.  
Now 'tis my turn both to speak and do. *Jul.* Wicked, Treacherous *Geni-*  
*whither* do you betray *Julius*? Might I but return to *Rome*, (nay, only  
to the *Porphy Seat*) how would I damn thee with Curses (in despite  
of *Peter*) under the Fisherman's Ring; I would (*diſtum fallum*) stir  
up all *Catholick Princes* against thee. *Gen.* 'Tis well in this mad-humour  
you han't your Sword; this is the first time 'twas ever wanting. *Jul.*  
*Julius* is assaulted, Pope *Julius* the Second, a hundred thousand years of  
Plenary Apostolick Indulgence to all and singular that — *Gen.* Go  
wretch, now you rave, promising to deliver others from the feigned tor-  
tures of *Purgatory*, for your own Redemption; but d'ee see that black  
Crew coming hither? *Jul.* Devils without doubt, Help, help, Oh help.  
*Gen.* Here Devils, here take your own, Pope *Julius* the Second.

## To *Julius*.

Do'st see, Great *Julius*, Heav'n to thee deny'd?  
Whilst *Tiburs* waves thy slighted Keys do'st hide.  
How would those Keys now more than Swords avail;  
And a poor Fisher's Cloak, then Coats of Maile?

F I N I S.



